

Dust Bowl Children

My father's name was Hannibal, mama was Hanna-Mariah

Everything we owned got all burned up in the great depression fire

Strip mines and one crop farming drained the green earth dry

We lost it all only love was left, that's one thing money can't buy

We're all dust bowl children

Singin' dust bowl song

And the crops won't grow

When the dust just blows

When the green fields are gone

When the green grass growing fields are gone

When the green fields are gone

When the green grass growing fields are gone

Well, they said in California

There's work of every kind

The only work that I got out there was waiting on a welfare line

Once I had a dollar

Once I had a dream

Now all the work is being done by a big ole machine

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